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WHITNEY

SPEECHES...WOMAN SUFFRAGE


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156
SPEECHES

OF

HON. O. F. WHITNEY

IN SUPPORT OF

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

DELIVERED IN THE

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF UTAH

MARCH 30TH, APRIL 2ND, AND APRIL 5TH, 1895.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UTAH WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION

*Once, to every man and nation, comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or
blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.*

—Lowell.

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HON. O. F. WHITNEY'S SPEECHES ON THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

ON Saturday, March 30, 1895, the Convention assembled at Salt Lake City for the purpose of framing a Constitution for the State of Utah, was considering, in Committee of the Whole, the article on Elections and Right of Suffrage, which it was proposed to incorporate in the fundamental law of the State. Section One of the article read as follows:

"The rights of citizens of the State of Utah to vote and hold office shall not be denied or abridged on account of sex. Both male and female citizens of this State shall equally enjoy all civil, political and religious rights and privileges."

The proposition to confer "equal suffrage" upon the women of Utah—a plank inserted by both the Republican and Democratic parties in the platforms upon which the Delegates to the Constitutional Convention were elected—had been debated for several days, and the merits of the question fully discussed. The principal speeches against it had been made by Hon. B. H. Roberts, of Davis County, and the principal ones in its favor by Hon. S. R. Thurman, of Utah County, Hon. F. S. Richards, of Salt Lake, and Hon. David Evans, of Weber County. On the day mentioned, Mr. Whitney, of Salt Lake, spoke to the question. He and Mr. Kearns, of Summit County, arose almost simultaneously, and the latter was recognized by the chair. Obtaining his leave to make a remark, Mr. Whitney said:

"Mr. Chairman,—In the beginning of this discussion I thought I had a great deal to say; but one by one the arrows have been drawn from my quiver and shot away by other archers, until I have but one or two left, and I would like the privilege of shooting these myself. (Laughter.) If the gentleman from Summit County shall follow in the wake of some who have preceded him—first announcing that they would speak ten minutes and then occupying an hour—while it will please me very well to hear him, in that event the time

for adjournment will have arrived, and if he uses the rest of the morning session, I ask the privilege of being recognized first this afternoon. With this understanding I will give way with pleasure."

Mr. Kearns then spoke for a few minutes, and after he had concluded, Mr. Whitney took the floor and addressed the assembly as follows:

MR. WHITNEY'S ORATION.

MR. PRESIDENT:

I have listened with no common interest to what I consider one of the greatest debates which it has fallen to my lot to hear; and I do not arise to contribute my quota of argument because I deem it necessary that I should speak in order to decide this question. It is not so much from a desire to be heard, as it is to respect the wishes and respond to the requests of certain of my friends, that I now take part in this discussion. To me it is a battle of destiny that is in progress, and the battles of destiny are won before they are fought. The success of the movement for Woman Suffrage is a foregone conclusion; and were it not that gentlemen may wish, as I do, to respond to the requests of their friends and place themselves on record in this connection, I opine that not many more would impose on the patience of the Convention.

SEEKING FOR A COMPARISON.

I have listened enraptured to the eloquent periods that have rolled forth from the lips of the gifted men who have preceded me, and have spoken upon either side of this question. I was particularly charmed with the eloquent remarks of the gentleman from Davis County (Mr. Roberts), whom I not only admire as a gifted man, but esteem as a personal friend—sincere, I believe, in the position he has assumed, and anxious only to defend the right as he sees it. I could not but admire the courage with which he faced a frowning multitude, and withstood the onslaughts of a multitudinous foe. While he was speaking my mind scanned the pages of history in quest of some hero with whom to compare him. I thought of Horatius at the Roman bridge, standing single-handed and alone, beating back the Tuscan legions advancing to attack the Eternal City; and I fain would have compared

my friend to that hero of antiquity. But I could not; because Horatius was fighting for freedom, and in my opinion my eloquent but mistaken friend was fighting against it. (Applause.)

I went back farther into the past. I thought of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans, defending the pass of Thermopylæ against the overwhelming hordes of Persians, sweeping down like an avalanche upon his native land. I wanted to compare him to that hero—one of the noblest in history—but again I was met by the reflection that Leonidas fought and fell in a battle for liberty, and I was convinced that my friend from Davis County was taking part in no such engagement. (Applause.)

Then I remembered a little anecdote—one that is doubtless trite and commonplace to you all. A bull was feeding in a pasture through which a railway track extended, along which an express train was advancing at lightning speed. The bull got upon the track and tried to prevent the train from passing. He did not seem to know what was coming, and "preferring his free thought to a throne"* (laughter), planted himself squarely in the way of the invincible power that came rushing and roaring on. The bull, I say, did not seem to know what was coming, but the farmer, his owner, did (laughter), and with a gasp of astonishment, mingled with surprise, he exclaimed: "Well, I admire your courage, but d—n your judgment." (Laughter and applause.)

But I did not like to compare my friend to a dumb animal; he had given convincing proof that he was not dumb; and though there was once an animal that spake—(laughter)—the property of one Balaam—(renewed laughter)—it spake by inspiration from on high, so that I could not compare it to the gentleman from Davis County. (Uproarious laughter and applause.)

A WATERLOO FOR ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS.

Finally my mind, coming down to modern times, rested upon a scene made memorable in history, and I thought I had at last found the object of my search—a proper subject for comparison. Imagination pictured that eventful day—June 18, 1815—when the allied armies, the representatives of

* A remark made by Mr. Roberts.

banded nations, stood facing upon the field of Waterloo, one bold, independent, desperate man, embodying in his person the imperial despotism from which Europe struggled to be free. During the first day's discussion of this question, I thought I saw enacted before my eyes the scenes of that memorable occasion. I heard the thunder of the cannon, belching death and destruction across the narrow valley from mountain to mountain. I saw the French march up the slope and attack the English squares. There were charges and counter-charges. I heard the Prussian trumpet blow, and the patter of their bullets as they fell in the midst of the fray. I saw the Old Guard make its last charge and "foam itself away." Then the Wellingtons and Bluchers arose; the cry was, "Up guards and at them!" and down the slopes pell-mell rushed the overwhelming, irresistible force of victors flinging themselves upon the vanquished. I had thought of taking part in the action, but remembering what history has to say of those who pursued the flying French, slaughtering for the mere love of slaughter, I could not convince myself that it was my duty to pursue, Blucher-like, with sword in hand, an already defeated enemy. I supposed that the battle was over, that the issue involved was decided; but it seems that I was mistaken. I had not been witnessing Waterloo at all. It was the defeat at Leipsic that I had beheld, and the fleeing Napoleon was but banished to Elba, and not to St. Helena. He returned, insisting that he had not been conquered, and entered upon another campaign. Then we had a Waterloo indeed, and all these scenes were re-enacted.

Standing here today, not as a participant in the strife, but rather as some wandering Childe Harold, musing upon the battlefield, treading "this place of skulls," the grave of ambitious hopes and desires, I feel more like moralizing than fighting the battle over again.

ANSWERING AN IMPUTATION.

There was one thing in the eloquent oration of the gentleman from Davis County which I did not much admire. He may not have meant it, and if he disclaims it, I shall accept his disclaimer. But running all through his remarks was the seeming imputation that all who opposed him and stood with the majority upon this question, in favor of woman suffrage, were actuated by motives less noble and honorable than his

own. He alone stood for principle, towering like a colossus in the midst of the debris surrounding him, while we who differed from him were merely indulging in maudlin sentiment, seeking for women's smiles, reaching after laurel wreaths with which, it was intimated, fair hands were waiting to bedeck our brows. I have seen no laurel wreaths distributed. I saw a bouquet of roses yesterday.—(laughter)—standing upon the table at my left (Mr. Roberts' place). I presume it was put there for Mr. Thurman (Mr. Roberts' near neighbor), since he is one of those who have been reaching after such things—(laughter)—but I noticed that it was Mr. Roberts who walked away with it after adjournment. (Renewed laughter and applause).

MAJORITIES SOMETIMES RIGHT.

I know not what reasons the gentleman has for thinking that his opponents are actuated by selfish and sordid motives. But I wish to say to him, and to all, that because a man "stands alone," in the midst of "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," that of itself is no sure sign that he is right, or more sincere and honest than his fellows. I grant you that in most of the great crises of history the minority have been right and the majority wrong. The grandest heroes are generally found among the few. One of our American poets has said:

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—
 They were souls who stood alone,
 While the men they agonized for
 Hurled the contumelious stone,
 Stood serene, and down the future
 Saw the golden beam incline
 To the side of perfect justice,
 Mastered by their faith divine,
 By one man's plain truth to manhood
 And to God's supreme design."

But it is not always so. Majorities are sometimes right, and their voice is then the voice of God. When Sumter was fired on, and the shots discharged at that devoted fortress echoed round the world, it was the minority that spoke, and that minority was in the wrong. But when the great North arose in its might, and buckling on its armor, burst like a whirlwind of conquering wrath upon the advocates and supporters of Secession, it was the voice of the majority—the

voice of Omnipotence that declared: "The Union must and shall be preserved." (Applause).

And when it became necessary, after ninety years of waiting, to make good the promise virtually pledged by the patriot founders of the nation, and the edict went forth that struck from the wrists of millions of slaves the fetters which bound them, and which had not been removed, notwithstanding the great Declaration of Freedom, it was the fiat of the Almighty that blazed from the lips of Lincoln, and it was the voice of the majority of the people that said "Amen."

The heroes of romance are always in the minority. The hero of the great epic, "Paradise Lost," is not the Eternal Father, sitting upon His throne surrounded by numberless concourses of angels; not the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth; not the arch-angel, Michael, invincible in battle, with two-thirds of the hosts of heaven at his back. Neither of these is the hero of Paradise Lost. It is Lucifer, the fallen, that bold, brave, independent spirit "who dared look the omnipotent tyrant in his everlasting face and tell him that his evil was not good." He is the hero of the poem, the one toward whom the current of romantic sentiment naturally tends. But was he right? Because he stood alone, or with the minority—because he dug his own grave and went down into the depths with the heavens weeping over his fall, was he right or any more sincere than those who opposed him?

Were Lee, Jackson and Beauregard right because they fought upon the weaker side, and, in the eyes of the romancist, are the heroes of our great civil strife? No; let the current of generous sympathy go out to them as it will, let the romancist choose his heroes where he may, the fact remains that they were wrong, and that the Grants, Shermans and Sheridans were the instruments of Providence to put them down. It was the voice of the minority that spoke at Sumter, but it was the voice of the majority that thundered at Shiloh, Gettysburg and Appomattox.

Majorities, I repeat, are sometimes right, and I believe the majority upon this floor are right when they say, we will put woman suffrage in the Constitution; we will strike the fetters from the wrists of our wives, mothers, sisters and daughters; we will grant them the boon already granted to the black man under the pledge of the declaration that "all men are created equal" and that "governments derive their

just powers from the consent of the governed;" we will take one more step in the mighty march of human liberty, which has been sweeping down the ages from the dawn of Time even until now.

ANTI-SUFFRAGISM IS NON-PROGRESSION.

All the arguments against woman suffrage, however plausible, however sincere they may be, are simply pleas for non-progression. The eloquent notes that have been sounded here, while they please the ear and charm the senses, are not harmonious with the morning stars. They are not in tune with the march of human advancement. I stand for progress and not for stagnation. I believe that politics can be and will be something more than a filthy pool in which depraved men love to wallow. It is a noble science—the science of government—and it has a glorious future. And I believe in a future for woman, commensurate with the progress thereby indicated. I do not believe that she was made merely for a wife, a mother, a cook, and a housekeeper. These callings, however honorable—and no one doubts that they are so—are not the sum of her capabilities. While I agree with all that is true and beautiful in the portrayals that have been made of woman's domestic virtues and the home sphere, and would be as loth as anyone to have her lose that delicacy and refinement, that femininity which has been so deservedly lauded, I do not agree that this would necessarily follow, that she could not engage in politics and still retain those lovable traits which we all so much admire. I believe the day will come when through that very refinement, the elevating and ennobling influence which woman exerts, in conjunction with other agencies that are at work for the betterment of the world, all that is base and unclean in politics—which when properly understood and practiced is as high above the chicanery of the political trickster as Heaven is above Hades—will be "burnt and purged away," and the great result will justify woman's present participation in the cause of reform. It is not a sufficient answer to sneeringly enquire, how all this wonderful improvement is to be brought about? Even folly may ask questions that wisdom cannot answer. Reformers always build better than they know. It is Providence that directs their labors and guides them to their result. It is woman's destiny to have a voice in the affairs of govern-

ment. She was designed for it. She has a right to it. This great social upheaval, this woman's movement that is making itself heard and felt, means something more than that certain women are ambitious to vote and hold office. I regard it as one of the great levers by which the Almighty is lifting up this fallen world, lifting it nearer to the throne of its Creator. What matters it if in the process some corrupt institutions perish, some antiquated errors are set aside, some narrow notions destroyed that are held by those who assume to know already what is the acme of woman's civilization and refinement? Let the fittest survive. What have we to fear? Let truth and falsehood grapple. We will crown the brows of the victor and say: "You were worthy to survive."

CARRYING OUT A COMPARISON.

Much has been said of the subversion of the domestic empire if woman takes part in politics. She cannot tamper with its filth and not befoul herself—she will not lift it up, but it will drag her down, we are told. My eloquent friend, in one of his most beautiful similes, spoke of two rivers, the Mississippi and the Missouri, one clear and sparkling mingling its pure waters with the turbid tide of the other, and in answer to the hypothetical argument that the muddy stream was never so muddy afterwards, he replied: "No, but neither was the clear and sparkling stream ever clear again." And there he left it. He did not tell you that those streams, those blended rivers were on their way to the ocean, where all that was muddy and unclean would sink to the bottom where it belongs, while all that was sparkling and clear would mingle with the limpid tide of the "self-purifying, unpolluted sea"—"the image of eternity, the throne of the invisible." (Applause.) Who pretends—not I—that man of himself, or that woman of herself, is conducting this great march of progress? There are some men who recognize an overruling Providence, a divine plan and purpose, as broad and as pure as the ocean, and into which all the rivers of human thought and action run. Whatever they may be before, they ultimately blend with and subserve that divine purpose, swelling the success of the perfect plan into which they flow. Having passed through that, rest assured they will be made pure.

When Stephenson built his first railroad, inaugurating the great improvement that has since revolutionized the

world, he was compelled to cross a miry marsh, an almost bottomless pit, into which tons upon tons of solid matter were thrown before the roadbed at that point could be constructed and the track laid thereon. But that roadbed today is as solid as the eternal hills, and along that track, covering that once miry marsh, now speed triumphantly the trains that bear the commerce of a nation. So shall it be with the work of political reform. Politics is down in the mire, where great reforms are oftentimes obliged to begin their work, but the future shall see arise upon the sunken foundations walls of beauty and towers of splendor that shall glitter with the glory of the skies. It is only by descending below all things that we can hope to rise above all things.

A GOD-GIVEN AND INHERENT RIGHT.

I take the ground—notwithstanding all that has been said upon this floor and elsewhere—that the elective franchise, or the underlying principle thereof, is a right, an inherent, God-given right. It existed before governments were formed, before constitutions were heard of. It does not depend upon ink and parchment. The doctrine that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, was true before the immortal Jefferson blazoned it with pen of flame. It was true ere the morning stars sang together, ere the sons of God—ay, and the daughters of God—shouted for joy over the birth of the infant world. “Men are more than constitutions.” “Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men” and women, with rights inherent, God-given, which governments cannot confer, especially a government which possesses no power but what it derives from the people. The right to consent to be governed is such a right, and it is the right embodied in the elective franchise.

It has been claimed that the declaration in Genesis concerning woman, that her desire should be unto her husband, and he should rule over her, is no part of the curse pronounced upon her, but simply the divine arrangement respecting the mutual relations of the sexes. Grant it; what then? Man rules over woman, but it is her desire” that he should do so. Hence she consents to the arrangement, and exercises her inherent right in so doing. Is it unreasonable to suppose that she was consulted before that arrangement was made?

She votes “yes” or “no” upon the proposition as to who

shall rule her in the household, when she accepts or rejects an offer of marriage.

The gentleman from Sanpete (Mr. Lund) would find that a woman could say no, and mean it, if he were to take the advice of the gentleman from Utah County (Mr. Boyer) and propose, with all his anti-suffrage notions, to one of that gentleman's daughters. (Laughter.)

Woman exercises this right in the family. Why should she not exercise it in the State? Is not the family the type of the State? Man is truly the head of the woman, as Christ is the head of the Church, but not without her consent. Even the Church has the right to consent as to who shall preside over it.

MORMON WOMEN AND CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

I am not sure but that the gentleman from Davis County believes as much as I do in the right of women to vote under certain circumstances. On the 6th of April, 1830, a little band of disciples assembled at a farm house in Fayette, Seneca County, New York, and organized the Church to which many of the gentlemen surrounding me, and I myself, belong. It is a popular idea that only six men were present when that Church was organized. This is a mistake. The laws of the State of New York required that at least six persons should compose a religious society, and six men were known and named in this organization; but they were not the only ones who took part in the proceedings. Forty or fifty persons were present, including a number of women, and before the first thing was done, before the founder of the Church took his place at its head, he asked that little congregation if they were willing to accept him as their spiritual leader, and if they were willing to be organized as a religious body. The record says: "Unanimous consent being given, the purpose of the meeting was effected." Women voted there as well as men.

Many years later, on the banks of the Mississippi, the founder of this Church called together the women of his people and said that the time had come—for he had turned the key—when woman should take her place beside her brother man and participate more fully in the affairs of the Church government. The object of the meeting was to organize the women of the Church. They were to have their

presidents, secretaries, and separate though subordinate organizations, over which women were to preside, as President Smith and his counselors presided over the entire body. From that time until the present, these institutions have existed, and the doctrine of common consent has prevailed among this people. Twice a year they meet in their conferences and vote upon the various propositions laid before them, vote with the uplifted hand, and the women vote as well as the men. I bear in mind a certain occasion when I held up my hand with peculiar pleasure to signify my assent to the selection for a high ecclesiastical office of my esteemed friend from Davis County, and I noticed, as I looked over the vast sea of faces composing that congregation, that probably two-thirds of them were women—holding up their hands to elect a man who, upon the floor of this Convention, says that women ought not to be permitted to vote. He declares them incapable of independent action, and thinks they ought to be satisfied with being represented at the polls and in public life by their husbands who vote and hold office.

WOMAN A FREE AGENT.

Our friend is not only an accomplished orator, he is a talented author as well. He has written books, the object of which was to show—what I have also heard him thunder from the pulpit with as much earnestness and eloquence as he has here displayed—that it is the right and privilege of every soul, man or woman, to answer for itself before the Bar of God. I never heard him proclaim, till now, that woman, be she wife or maid, was not in a position to act independently, ether in Church or in State. Why, the very genius of his religion teaches to the contrary. Women are free, as they ought to be, and no man by plunging into hell, can drag down with him the faithful and pure wife who stands at his side. She is a free moral agent, and can either ascend to heights of glory or descend into abysses of despair, let him take what course he may.

HOW THE CHURCH HAS TAUGHT THE STATE.

A word here in explanation, lest some one should say that I am advocating a union of Church and State, the blending of religious and political functions. I am not. I advocate no such idea, though I believe that politics owes much to

religion. What of the Mosaic Law, for instance, the foundation of modern jurisprudence? All down the ages the Church has taught the State good and correct principles, and it has adopted them. Whence came our idea of republican government? Was it not suggested, in part at least, by the Calvinistic principle of church government—the right of the congregation to elect its own ministers, instead of having them appointed by the Pope of Rome or by kings and emperors? That idea sprang from Calvinism, permeated Switzerland, France, Holland, Great Britain, and was brought by the Pilgrim Fathers to the shores of the New World. There is little doubt that it helped to give form and color to the institutions of the American Republic.

My argument is that we can afford to follow a good example, and accept truth from whatever source it comes. If the Church can afford to be liberal, and not only recognize but permit the exercise of woman's inherent right to a voice in the election of those who rule her, why cannot the State afford to be equally liberal? Why deny to her in the State what she enjoys in the family—which, I repeat, is the type of the State—and what the Church, the elder sister of the State, is willing she should enjoy?

AN APPEAL TO AMERICANS.

I am speaking, not to Democrats, not to Republicans; I am not speaking as a partisan for party ends. I am speaking as an American to Americans; not to that class who, it is said, fled from the tyranny of the Old World that they might worship God according to the dictates of their consciences and compel everybody else to do likewise; but to descendants of those who fought and bled for freedom and bequeathed it as a sacred legacy to mankind; being willing that others should enjoy the same rights that they secured for themselves. I hope I am speaking to lovers of liberty, to champions of progress, who comprehend and appreciate the divine mission and destiny of their country—America

—A land of liberty,

A home of peace and human brotherhood,
 Where men should equal stand, a sovereign host,
 Nor owe to haughty birth their high degree;
 Where merit's star o'er mammon's might ascend,
 Where brain and brawn should blood and birth outweigh,
 Where law should liberty and life defend,

And tyranny be traitor to the realm ;
 Where right, not might, should monarch rise and reign
 O'er all that breathed or blossomed 'neath the sun ;
 Where, linked in chain of loving unity—
 The only chain that Freedom's land could bind—
 A sisterhood of empires, hand in hand,
 Timing their steps to truth's triumphal tread,
 Might march to music of Millennial strains ;
 Glad harbinger of still more glorious state—
 The welding of the nations, world-wide chain,
 With Freedom's ensign waving over all.

This land, which God gave to our forefathers, was, as I believe, the predestined site of a government that was expected to set an example to all the world; standing as a goddess in the midst of the earth, holding aloft the torch of truth to kindle and illumine the nations. It was founded for the many, not merely for a few, and no class should have a monopoly of its blessings.

“ Is true freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And with leathern hearts forget
 That we owe mankind a debt ?
 No ; true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And with heart and hand to be
 Earnest to make others free.”

This was written for the black man; but why not apply it to the white woman, and the black woman? (Applause).

America, the champion and exemplar of freedom! How can she go forth to evangelize the nations, to liberate the world, with gyves upon her wrists, with half of her own children in chains?

A DEFENSE OF WOMAN.

And now a word, which I do not mean to be offensive, in relation to a remark made by my friend which I was somewhat shocked to hear. It shows to what desperate straits he was reduced, that he must use an argument which he himself was compelled to discredit and cast into the waste-basket. He only gave it time to be noted down in the hearts and minds of those whom he wished to convert, and then he discarded it, for he felt ashamed of it; and I must add that his shame did him more credit than his argument. He said, in reference to what he termed an “invasion” of ladies, who came into the Convention in response to the hearty and whole-

souled invitation of its members, extending to them that courtesy, that if they could have heard the gibes and jeers that he had heard concerning them, they would have hung their heads in shame. Some one had said to him, quoting:

“ They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are ghouls.”

Let me emphasize what I have already stated, that the gentleman only repeated what had been quoted and applied by another, and that he himself discredited the application. He avowed—and I believe him—that he has the highest respect for these same ladies. But it seems to me that he could have shown his respect for them far better by refraining from the repetition of the slanderous saying, than by giving it public utterance upon this floor.

Who are these ladies that have presented their petitions here, who have listened with the greatest respect to the remarks made by the honorable gentleman and by others who have spoken? They are intelligent, high-minded women, Mormon and Gentile, among the purest, noblest and best of the land. (Applause). They are here to listen to this debate because it affects them to the heart's core. They are interested in the discussion of a question fraught with so much for woman and her cause.

I do not ask for their smiles, their laurel wreaths, their bouquets of roses. I ask only to be considered sincere. I speak from a heart where the conviction of truth sits enthroned as regards this question, and I thank you for bearing with me so long and permitting me to voice the sentiments of my soul.

VICTORY INEVITABLE.

I believe in woman suffrage. I have always believed in it. I look upon it as another step, another impulse of humanity toward perfection. Its success is assured. Victory, anticipating the inevitable, has already perched upon its banners. Its course cannot be staid. As well try to check the mountain torrent, or the mighty waters of the Mississippi, thundering onward to the sea. Its triumph is decreed. Its destiny is fixed. It is the march of human liberty, the pageant of eternal progress, and those who will not join it must stand aside and see the great procession sweep on with-

out them. (Applause.) And if this Convention fails to act favorably upon this proposition, some future Convention will so act, and gazing upon our record with reproach, will crown her brows with the glory we have denied. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

Mr. Whitney spoke for just one hour—from 11:45 a. m. to 12:45 p. m.

The Anti-Suffragists, in and out of the Convention, were now thoroughly aroused, and began to agitate with a view to killing the pending proposition. Mr. Roberts became their champion, and he, by courtesy of the Convention—a majority of whom favored woman suffrage—was given, at his request, the privilege of closing the debate. The privilege was granted because of his statement that it would probably be his last speech on the floor of the Convention, since, owing to his attitude against woman suffrage, he had been asked by his constituents to resign.

An unfair use having been made of a portion of Mr. Whitney's remarks, he, on the morning of April 2nd, just before Mr. Roberts began his speech, arose to a question of personal privilege and asked permission to make an explanation. He stated that he was not present the evening before, when it was agreed that the discussion should end, with the understanding that Mr. Roberts would make the first and final speech next morning. Had he been present he would have preferred his request at that time. He only wanted five or ten minutes, and this only to set himself right in relation to some of his previous remarks, which had not only been misunderstood, but grossly misrepresented.

"Give him half an hour!" "Give him all the time he wants!" came from various parts of the crowded hall. The chairman rapped for order, recognized Mr. Whitney, and the latter thus addressed the assembly:

MR. WHITNEY'S SECOND SPEECH.

"I do not deem it an unreasonable request that I have made. It was I who seconded the motion giving to the gentleman from Davis County the privilege of closing the debate upon this question; he having requested that privilege in view of the fact that as he had been asked by his constituents to

resign, it would probably be his last speech on the floor of this Convention. As this is probably the last speech I shall make on earth (Laughter) for there is no telling what or where I shall be when the gentleman from Davis County gets through with me—I think it only right that I should be given a few minutes now.

In my remarks on Saturday I made mention of the fact that in the church to which the gentleman and myself belong, women are allowed to vote, and incidentally I stated that Mr. Roberts had been elected to a high ecclesiastical office by a congregation, two-thirds of whom were women. Because of this I have been accused of bringing into this discussion matters which should have been left outside. Some have gone so far as to say that I advocated the idea that the State of Utah should model its institutions after those of the Mormon Church. I am not afraid that my eloquent friend, in replying to me—for in his intelligence and fairness I have confidence—will revamp such an absurd and ridiculous idea. But I wish him to understand me clearly in every respect, so that he may answer, not what I have been falsely represented as saying, but what I actually did say.

My friend argued, you will remember, that suffrage is a privilege and not a right; that it ought not to be extended to any class incapable of independent action, meaning that married women were not thus capable, and that they ought to be satisfied with the fact that at the polls and in public life they were represented by their husbands. By the way, I tried to convince my wife the other night that this was correct philosophy. I had stepped into the theatre on my way home and witnessed an act or two of the play in progress, and on reaching home, I endeavored to persuade Mrs. W. that she had witnessed the performance as well as myself, because, forsooth, in accordance with the philosophy of my admired friend, I represented her at the play. But it wouldn't work.

And now passing on. I have stated Mr. Roberts' position. Let me now state what I said, or meant to say, in answer to him. I held that the right of consent—the underlying principle of the elective franchise—is an inherent right, possessed by every human being; that it existed before governments were formed, before constitutions were heard of; that it is a right which woman enjoys and exercises when she accepts or rejects an offer of marriage. She says yes or no,

and thus votes upon the proposition as to who shall rule her in the household. The family, I averred, was the type of the state, and I contended that woman in the state was entitled to the exercise of the same right that she exercises in the family—the right to consent as to who shall or shall not rule over her.

In connection with this matter I mentioned that in in the church to which Mr. Roberts and myself belong, this right is recognized and exercised, for the women of the church vote as well as the men, and vote independently and of their own volition. And I added that if a church which is generally though mistakenly supposed to be illiberal, especially to women, could afford to recognize that right, the State of Utah could afford to be equally liberal.

That is what I said and what I meant. I did not say, or mean, or intimate, that the State of Utah should model its institutions after those of the Mormon Church.

I meant no disrespect to Mr. Roberts in stating that he had been elected by women's votes to a high ecclesiastical office. I referred to that incident simply to remind him in a mild way of the inconsistency of his present position.

So far as the charge of bringing into this discussion matters that should have been left outside is concerned, I have this to say, that while I do not see anything improper in what I said, I should sit down quite comfortably under a vote to the contrary if carried by a non-partisan majority of this Committee. But granting, for argument's sake, that what I said was improper, it seems to me that the last person to cast a stone should have been the gentleman from Salt Lake (Mr. Mackintosh) who called me to account for it upon this floor; he being the first signer of the minority report impugning the sincerity of the Mormon people in dividing on national party lines—the cause of all the acrimony exhibited during this debate.

The gentleman, in commenting upon my statement that probably six thousand women voted for Mr. Roberts on the occasion in question, declared that that was just what he was afraid of—that forty thousand women would so vote. He was answered by Mr. Wells, and I answer him now, that he, being a Republican, probably feared that the forty thousand women would be Democrats."

Mr. Whitney having closed, Mr. Raleigh briefly addressed

the Committee, and was followed by Mr. Roberts, who spoke for two hours. From a remark made by him the impression went abroad that Mr. Whitney, in his first speech, had loaded him with coarse and offensive epithets. Nothing could be farther from the truth, as the speech itself will show. Mr. Roberts did not assert it—though that inference might be drawn from his language—nor would the Convention have permitted one member to abuse another even had there been any disposition in that direction. Mr. Roberts was one of the first to congratulate Mr. Whitney on his oration, a courtesy which the latter reciprocated. During his speech Mr. Roberts ironically referred to his leading opponents as "mountain peaks," and observed, in relation to Mr. Whitney, that he was a poet, but not a philosopher. The latter replied to these strictures, on the 5th of April, when the woman suffrage question again came up, not upon its merits, but upon a motion by Mr. Varian, of Salt Lake, to recommit the article under consideration, with a view to having another article on the same subject reported, to be submitted to the people as a separate proposition, instead of being included in the Constitution.

MR. WHITNEY'S THIRD SPEECH.

In what few remarks I make I shall endeavor to respect the wise admonition of the Chair and avoid all personal allusions. I certainly have no desire to use any acrimonious language. There has been too much bitterness indulged in already, and I shall say nothing to augment the stream of gall and wormwood. I would prefer to say to these troubled waves of thought and feeling, "Peace; be still." I disclaim all bitterness, so far as my remarks during these debates are concerned. What raillery or sarcasm I have used has been in the spirit of pleasantry. It was good-natured irony, and it was very far from my purpose to wound the feelings of anyone.

I am in favor of woman suffrage, and in favor of its being placed in the Constitution. That is where it properly belongs. It is a fundamental principle, and should have its place in the fundamental law of the State. It should not be left to be battle-doored and shuttle-cocked by succeeding

legislatures. It should be a fixed star, not a comet, in the firmament of the commonwealth.

I am opposed to the motion to recommit. It means delay and is not necessary. The current agitation against woman suffrage is merely local. Whether it originated on the floor of this Convention or outside, does not matter. The women of Utah understand what suffrage means. They are not as ignorant of the subject as some suppose. They enjoyed the elective franchise for seventeen years, and voted again and again. Can it be conceived that this could be and the question of woman suffrage not be discussed upon its merits in their homes? Moreover, there is a woman's paper published in this city, one of the first of its kind established west of the Missouri River. For many years it has permeated the homes of most of the women of Utah. It keeps them in touch with the leading women of the nation—with the thoughts, acts and aspirations of the champions of woman suffrage the world over.

My experience in politics is limited, but I took an active part in the campaign which resulted in the election of you gentlemen and myself to this Convention. Woman suffrage was mentioned repeatedly by speakers, and it was approved and applauded when mentioned. I know that men are sincere when they arise here and say they feel bound by the pledges embodied in the platforms upon which they were elected. It is wrong to question their integrity, to accuse them of cowardice and impute to them improper motives.

I call in question the motives of no man. That is not my style of argument. I am not in favor of the motion of Mr. Varian, but I would not impute to him an improper motive in making it. I do not say that the object in view is to work unnecessary delay, but I do say that in my opinion that would be the effect of it. It would mean that this Convention must wait here, bound hand and foot, until a few agitators had had time to get out among the people, work up an excitement in their particular locality and bring such a pressure to bear upon wavering members that the Anti-Suffragists would gain a majority. It seems to me that these agitators are not half so anxious to hear from the people as they are to have the people hear from them.

The vote taken at a matinee at the Grand Opera House in this city has been referred to as indicative of the popular

feeling among the women of Utah upon this question. A majority of those present voted against woman suffrage. But what was the character of that majority? I have a little daughter ten years old who attended that matinee. She came home and told me she had voted against woman suffrage. I asked her why she had done so. She replied, naively, "Because a woman told me to." (Laughter) That is how they obtained the majority. Some lady anti-suffragist acted as a steering committee for these little, innocent children, who did not know what they were doing. It reminded me of the school boy who was asked: "Which is the largest city in the world?" "Chicago," he answered, and when asked for his authority, said a Chicago man told him so. (Laughter.)

But I realize that I have no right to argue. I am lacking in "the logical sense;" I am not a philosopher, but only a poet, I am told. I do not claim to be even a poet. I am only a lover of poetry, but one, I trust, who has a proper appreciation of the poetic faculty. Poets, gentlemen, are not mere rhymesters, not mere sentimentalists. A poet is one who sees into the heart of things, and is capable of leaping by intuition to a correct conclusion, while the philosopher, or mere orator, is groping in the mazes of his own fallacy. (Applause.)

Again, I am compared to a mountain peak, "the proudest of them all." I disclaim that honor also. I am only a humble foot-hill. But there are mountain peaks, towering intellects, in this Convention, to whom I defer and with whom I fraternize. For them I accept the comparison. And let me remind you that it is the mountain peaks that catch the first glimpses of the rising sun, while the valleys (where stand the Anti-Suffragists) are still shrouded in darkness. (Applause.)

They tell us that woman suffrage in the Constitution will imperil Statehood. I don't believe it. But if it should, what of it? There are some things higher and dearer even than Statehood. I would rather stand by my honor, by my principles, than to have Statehood, if I must sacrifice my honor and my principles to obtain it. If Utah is to be immolated for standing by her principles, for enlarging the borders of liberty, let the sacrifice be made, let her be bound upon the altar, let the high priest of tyranny come forth and plunge the knife into her breast. She cannot perish in a

nobler cause than that of freedom and equal rights. But the dagger that strikes at her heart shall be fashioned into a scepter for her hands, and the blood of her martyrdom shall rise as an offering to offended Justice and become the seed of her future glory."

The result of the contest is well known. The Convention refused to recommit the article on Elections and Right of Suffrage, and decided by an overwhelming majority to place the equal suffrage clause in the State Constitution.

